

SUNSHINE AND SNOW ON EASTER AS FASHION PASSES IN THE CITY



Easter Morning Scene on Fifth Avenue in Front of St. Bartholomew's Church. (Photograph taken by Journal artist.)

Thousands Struggle to Get Into Those Churches Which Have the Finest Music.

Fifth Avenue Thronged with People, but Very Little Brilliance in Women's Attire.

"THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED."

He is risen! He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice.
He has burst his three days' prison;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice.
Death is conquered, man is free;
Christ has won the victory.

Easter slides were variable yesterday; at one time full of bright sunshine, at another moment dull and specked with big flakes of snow. But the churches were all brightly and brightly. Dressed in the bright-like finery of the fifties, and echoing with the gladdest music of the year, they bristled with worshippers, and worshippers in vast throngs attended. Melodiously fluted or grandly solemn, the music lifted up the souls of men, or at least touched some responsive chord in their better natures. (Gentlemen and priests put forth their best eloquence and mind in telling again the old story of the risen Son of Man. Society put off, figuratively, of course, its sackcloth and ashes and appeared gay in the garments of the world, and ready both before and after divine service for the inevitable Easter "parade.")

The power of music in attracting people was exemplified in the contrast between the attendances at the different churches. The struggle of well-dressed men and women to get within St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, was a struggle for the most part.

many persons, appeared in the thoroughfare in extravagant costumes. Were Certainly Not from Church. The most striking wheel was a triplet ridden by three girls clad in tight-fitting purple velvet knickerbockers and velvet bolero jackets, trimmed with gold braid. They were grey Alpine hats, with large purple plumes, and one of them blew a trumpet now and then. They caused the church parades to stand still, and were to use the expressive slang of the hour, so warm that the chilling wind was temporarily out of business.

Crush at the Cathedral.

The Cathedral was filled, every seat, by those bearing cards of admission secured many days ahead, long before the 11 o'clock mass was begun. Not fewer than one thousand less favored persons crowded about the several doors hoping to get inside. A biting wind blew and the atmosphere was raw despite the struggling sun. Hundreds of people stood for hours, kind and cold, and chilled through, only to discover finally that every inch of space inside was occupied. It is estimated that more than three thousand persons were turned away from the Cathedral alone.

Society Passes in Review.

It was much the same parade as of yore in Fifth avenue. There was not a showing of new hats and gowns. The hardness of Spring had something to do with this, but the absence of an effort at display in clothing was due more to the taste of the time. It is, as is known, not good form to come out new and butterfly-like on Easter Sunday, as it once was, and nearly every one now appreciates and others this social dictum. So, while the throng that filled the sidewalks on each side of the avenue was sick and span, there was no attempt at military effect. There was a fine display of variegates, and looking up and down the avenue for more than a mile in either direction, with the streams of moving pedestrians and the hurrying vehicles, a scene which no other city in the country can show as presented by the streets of New York.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Archbishop Corrigan Celebrates Pontifical High Mass—A Chorus of Fifty Voices Aids the Regular Quartette Choir.

Archbishop Corrigan was the celebrant of pontifical high mass at the Cathedral.

might interfere with the object for which they had been mailed.

Mr. Richter, who lets out a few letter boxes in his shop at No. 430 Broadway, said: "The letter carrier of this district came to me a few days ago and said that he wanted to know if I had any letter boxes for sale."

"I had never made any money out of it," he said. "I had a few boxes in my store, but I had never made any money out of it."

A letter box shop of very long standing is in "The Old Reliable Cigar Stand," on the corner of Third avenue and Fourteenth street.

His proprietor was apparently in a very bad humor when asked his opinion of the Postmaster's order.

"Some men and some women have mailed boxes of me for years," he said, "and I have never made any money out of it."

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Inappropriate Spectacle of Gaudy Bicyclists Between the Avenue's Curbs.

He sat enthralled when not engaged with the many white-robed priests, deacons and chorists in enacting the beautiful and solemn drama of the life of Christ. There were many lilies on the altar and in the chancel. The chorists, all in white, added to the picture. It was all a spectacle in white—a moving picture of adoration.

The assistant priest was the Rev. W. J. B. Daly; the deacons of honor were the Revs. J. H. McMahon and H. T. Newry; deacon of the mass, the Rev. Edward Eagan; sub-deacon, the Rev. William Lewis; and masters of ceremonies, the Revs. J. Connelly and T. P. O'Brien. The sermon was by the Rev. Thomas McInerney, of St. Francis Xavier. His theme was "The Resurrection."

Bishop Potter's Appeal.

At All Angels' He Urges That Church Buildings Keep Pace in Elegance with Great Business Structures.

Bishop Potter preached yesterday morning at All Angels' Church, in West Eighty-first street, and afterward conducted communion service. The elaborate musical programme presented was arranged by Lucy Barker, of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, who is to be the choir master at All Angels'.

To the vested choir was added an orchestra of six voices, led by Hans Kronold, the "soprano." The service was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. S. De Lancy Townsend.

The Bishop, in asking that support be given to a proposed to build a memorial altar and decorations, to cost \$100,000, in memory of the late pastor of the church, the Rev. Charles F. Hoffman, said: "When the spire of Trinity Church is plotted out by great commercial buildings, we should see to it that there shall be other structures which shall demonstrate at least an equal interest in the worship of God."

Fine Music at Trinity.

When the doors of Old Trinity were opened at 9 a. m. for the High Easter celebration every inch of space was quickly filled.

All walks of life were represented in the congregation at this downtown church, and here and there the uniform of a volunteer or the blue jacket of a sailor was seen.

The musical programme was exceedingly fine. After the first hymn came Haydn's "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Gloria in Excelsis," and at the end of the service, Palestrina's "Requiem." The service was rendered gloriously, in clear, vibrant and stirring tones. The decorations were not as extensive as at Christmas, but in the altar were banded Easter lilies, red-rose and palms, and on either side parterres of many-colored flowers.

Parkhurst on Immortality.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church yesterday morning, dwelt upon the increasing belief in immortality. He said in part:

"If there is some interrogation in the question still, there is less than there was 5,000 years ago. There are more flowers today than there were 5,000 years ago. But there is some assurance that is entire. There is some assurance that is absolute. And that is why from year to year this blessed festival of resurrection and life eternal means always more and more."

RABBI'S TRIBUTE TO MISS HELEN GOULD.

Miss Helen Gould, in a plain, black gown, was a worshipper yesterday at the Marble Collegiate Church, at Fifth avenue and Fortieth street. The display of flowers at this church was probably not excelled at any church in the city. The entire chancel was covered with superb Easter lilies, roses and anemones. The music was of a high class. The sermon was by the new pastor, the Rev. Dr. Sage Mackay. In his sermon at the Temple Emanuel yesterday the Rev. Dr. Garthoff, after telling of the great work for humanity done by Miss Helen Gould, said: "In her simple, unostentatious way she has done a great work for humanity. She has added a new crown of glory to her sex."

Personal.

A. A.—HOTEL WINDSOR. Terrible disaster meted through science of pathology. Sufferer (unconscious) patient, later his predictions uncannily correct. Time, location, as agreed in gift list of his great power; charges but \$100. Call the week. Rooms 10 to 9. Not open Sundays. 200 West 22d st. CUT THIS OUT.

A.—Prof. Leon, Palmist.

Past present, future, advice on business matters, love, husbands, wives, reunited. Is your home, wife, child, or business in trouble? Readings will answer all questions; hours 10 to 8. 215 West 22d st.

Hill's Rheumatism and Gout Cure.

Guarantee of cures; one bottle cures you. HILL'S MEDICINE CO., 100 East 10th st., New York City. Sold by circular.

BUST positively developed eight inches; latest medical discovery guaranteed successful and absolutely harmless; improvement in four days; send COLUMBIA MEDICAL CO., box 1492, N. Y. City.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL examinations \$2.—Dr. Bronghton, 50 years' practice; President of the Anthropological Society, read "Bronghton's Elements of Anthropology," \$1.50, all booklets, 68 South Washington st., New York.

A.—PROFESSOR ST. LEON, scientific astrologer, 20 years' practice, 100 West 17th st., near 6th ave.; consultation, \$1; caution against persons using his name.

BEAUTIFUL baby for adoption. Call at Mrs. LINDGREN'S, 300 East 50th st.

CONSULT E. E. HARRIS, palmist; love, marriage, divorce; difficulties solved; ladies only; 230 West 25th st., basement.

REPAIRS to 50 cents at drugists. They both pain and prolong life. One day relief.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.—My wife, Rachel, having left me and been willing to separate, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or coming near her, as all not pay any debts contracted by her WILLIAM WINTER.

UNDERGRADUATE doctors, dentists, lawyers, pharmacists, practicing, graduated without attend. Students rapidly prepared by correspondence. Box 509, Chicago.

Spring and Summer Resorts.

Per line (each insertion), 20c.
Hotel Rudolf, Beach Front and Promenade, Atlantic City, N. J.
Rooms en suite, with or without baths. Orchestra daily. Booklets mailed.
C. R. MYERS, Owner and Proprietor.

REMEMBER, THE JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in this city that prints ALL advertisements of Auction Sales. See last page this morning.

Nurses and Doctors Are Now Prescribing Paine's Celery Compound.

Nurses and Doctors Are Now Prescribing Paine's Celery Compound.



Every woman is said to make a good nurse. The opportunity to try is certainly forced on every woman at some time in her life, and when the time comes and sickness enters her home, she should know exactly what to do. She can follow no better advice than the expert counsel of physicians and trained nurses who every day see before their eyes the wonderful results of Paine's celery compound among their sick, debilitated and nervously exhausted patients.

Paine's celery compound is the only spring medicine that has the confidence of, and is used and prescribed by, nurses and physicians. For years they have seen patients under their care rapidly recover health and vigor from the use of this wonderful restorative.

Miss Cora Smith, whose portrait is given here, tells of her experience with this great Spring remedy. Miss Smith is a graduate of the Northwestern Hospital School for Nurses at Minneapolis. She writes:

"During the past five years I have found that where the system was run down, nothing was so good as Paine's celery compound. The doctors have often prescribed it to patients under my charge, and I have noted the very satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend it to my friends."

Miss Georgiana Dean, who is a graduated nurse from the Francis Willard National Temperance Hospital of Chicago, says:

"In my experience as trained nurse I have often observed that where a patient has been very weak, Paine's celery compound has quickly returned him to his wonted vigor, whenever the physician has prescribed it."

Paine's celery compound is now the only Spring remedy demanded by thoughtful men and women. It has pushed aside the countless unscientific, catenapany preparations that have no standing among reputable physicians.

The best physicians openly endorse it, use it, recommend it and authorize the public use of their statements that Paine's celery compound, in case after case, cures rheumatism and kindred diseases, purifies the blood, regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys, and rejuvenates the fagged-out or diseased nervous system.

Convalescence

is hastened, the patient strengthened and appetite increased, by the use of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

—the greatest food tonic.

As desirable for the well as for the ill. Unequaled in the world of tonics for all, young and old.

Prepared only by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Brewers of the purest and most famous brands of bottled beer for family and club use.

MEN'S DISEASES. All men and young men afflicted with any of the following diseases, such as gonorrhea, syphilis, etc., can be cured in a few days, skin troubles, blood poisoning, nervous debility, and general weakness restored. Go to the

Hartley New York Medical Institute and consult the great blood and nerve specialist, 216 East 16th st., near 2d ave.; no charge unless cured, hours 9 to 9. Samples included.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. Published Every Day in the Year. Office: 122 Broadway, New York. One Cent Daily. Extraordinary of Sixty New York Evening Edition. One Cent. Sunday. TERMS: POSTAGE INCLUDED. For the United States (outside of New York City, Canada and Mexico). Daily and Sunday. One year, \$5.00. Six months, \$3.00. Three months, \$1.50. One month, \$0.50. Foreign. One year, \$10.00. Six months, \$6.00. Three months, \$3.00. One month, \$1.00. The New York Journal in London, England, can be purchased at any of the following places: The International Publishing Co., 4 Northumberland st., London. Exchange, 2 Northumberland st., W. C. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, 28 Newgate st., London.

Branch Offices: BROADWAY: 1267, NEAR THIRTY-SECOND ST. HARLEM: 230 WEST 125TH STREET, NEAR 6TH AVENUE. BROOKLYN: 314 WASHINGTON STREET, NEAR POST OFFICE.

FATAL BULLET FOR A WILD WEST MAN.

Samuel C. Haller Shot in the Stomach by a Montreal Pool Room Keeper.

After a late breakfast Samuel C. Haller, who holds a respectable position with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, left his boarding house, No. 10 East Twenty-seventh street, yesterday to look over the Easter crowds. His hand brought him to "Club Caribee" saloon, No. 1203 Broadway, which had been opened with prestige and potatoes the night before.

Haller met many acquaintances there, among them William J. Featherston, proprietor of a saloon at 44 West Thirtieth street. They were having a friendly bottle when they were joined by William H. Holland, a little the worse from liquor. Later came William McCune, another employee of the Wild West Show.

About 4 o'clock the party went to Featherston's saloon, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, known for years as "Mookey's."

Holland had by this time become noisy, and he said a bit insulting. While he was absent for a moment the others spoke of a mutual acquaintance named "Bill" Burdette, and his brother, Holland stumbled back, demanding angrily "Who is talking about me? I've no brother."

The others assured him they were not discussing him, but he angrily insisted they were. Suddenly he drew a revolver and shot Haller in the stomach. The injured man fell in a heap while Featherston, McCune and the bartender, Ernest Heinemann, panic-stricken, sought refuge under the bar. Holland walked out.

A cab was called and Haller was hurried to Roosevelt Hospital. There his wound was pronounced fatal, and Coroner Zucca was summoned to take his ante-mortem statement. About 9 o'clock, when the Coroner saw Haller, the latter told the story, but insisted he would not die.

The police of the West Thirtieth street station learned of the shooting from Roosevelt Hospital. Detectives were immediately put on the case.

Holland was in the St. Cloud Hotel at 7:30 o'clock and engaged a room adjoining his own for his wife, who, he said, would be in on the 8:30 o'clock train. He left the hotel saying he was going to meet his wife at the car.

Two days ago Holland came from Montreal, where he has a poolroom. He owns several race horses. He is a son of "Cot" Hedden, of Albany, who, with "Johnny" Mack, conducts the "White House" gambling establishment there.

REMEMBER, THE JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in this city that prints ALL advertisements of Auction Sales. See last page this morning.

DOOM OF PRIVATE LETTER BOXES.

Postmaster Van Cott Sends a Circular to Those Who Use Them.

The Post Office is pushing the war against "private letter boxes," started by the Journal. Yesterday morning's mail brought to many lessees of boxes a postal card on the back of which was printed the following notice:

"Certain mail matter addressed to you is withheld at this office until the addressee shall furnish to the Postmaster identification and proof, as required by the postal laws and regulations. The place of address does not appear to be either the residence or place of business of the addressee.

"Please give this your immediate attention."

"CORNELIUS VAN COTT, Postmaster."

"When our customers receive such notices as that," said P. Schmidt, who lets out private boxes at No. 195 Sixth avenue, "how can we do business? It scares them all away."

"Twenty thousand people in New York," Mr. Schmidt continued, "are dependent on private letter boxes for their mail. They will be the sufferers, and we are not going to give up the fight without a protest. My customers say they will call in a body on the Postmaster and petition him to allow them to continue to receive their mail from me."

"Van Cott," continued the late box-lessee, "has got a wrong idea of this thing. The people who use our letter boxes are not bad characters. They are business